

In Another World, Maybe

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"... Maybe things could have been different." Super short drabbles, long rambles and the ever-present question of what if and what could have been. 3 sentence ficlets, short and sweet (most of the time).

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Chapter 1

AN: For some reason, my feels for mikiryu are hitting me back with full force? Originally posted on my tumblr for the 3 Sentence Fic meme, I wanted to compile these super tiny ficlets in one place lol. Basically for those who don't know, people give me a pairing and an AU and I will write a 3 sentence fic. It's super fun and challenging.

Some are good, some not so :P I'll only fix the spelling and grammar of the original, post them up in individual chapters and share any additional stories too lol.

Mikiryu, Hogwarts!AU

Ryuuko plopped down onto the couch and groaned in exhaustion, swinging her bruised and battered legs onto his lap. The Charms professor sighed at his overly-enthusiastic quidditch-playing girlfriend and leaned over her to get his wand, kissing her forehead in the process.

"Let's fix you up now," he whispered into her ear.

AN: Mikisugi-sensei teaches *charms*, get it? **badum-tss** In other news, I have exams incoming (sigh, when do I not?) Be nice and tell me to stop procrastinating please... preferably in a review :3

Chapter 2

AN: Obligatory coffeeshop AU? Check.

Mikiryu, Coffeeshop!AU

"What can I get you, sweetheart?"

Ryuuko scowled and blushed as the handsome barista leaned over the counter top, a dashing smile gracing his lips, stars in his electric eyes. She shifted uncomfortably as she gave her order, waited, then internally exploded as he slid her the coffee with a napkin, a name and number scribbled on, and winked, gesturing the next customer forward.

AN: Tbh, the earlier ones I did felt a bit awkward and... *meh*, but that was the past and I can only hope to have improved :3 Hopefully.

Chapter 3

AN: Who else remembers the Kengo Saito twitter sketches? No? Go google it. Ah, good times.

Mikiryu, blind date!AU

The older man bent down on one knee and presented the girl in the red dress with a bouquet of roses.

"These roses can't rival your beauty, now that we've finally met," he began, winking at her, "but I do hope you like them." She blinked at his flirtatious tone, cursing her older sister's tastes in 'suitable men', but shyly accepted his gift, a very small hint of an embarrassed smile warming her face.

AN: I should have made Ryuuko kick him for that cheesy line LOL. And for some reason I feel like Satsuki and Mikisugi would be great friends, even with their contrasting personalities XD btw thank you so much to ***Juliastes*** for the kind words in this story's first review! *heart* They really made my day, so I'm gonna go hit the books and work hard rn!

See you guys tomorrow! x

Chapter 4

AN: Again, Kengo Saito ohohoho ^o^

Mikiryu, She's 17/He's 16 and a Delinquent!AU

"Senpai!" Mikisugi Aikurou shouted, chasing after the beautiful delinquent who had been furiously trying to ignore him the past few weeks.

He drove his fist into the faces of the nuisances trying to pick a fight with him, even though he had overstepped into *their* territory, swiftly kicking them away at any chance he could. The sixteen year old love struck fool gasped when she looked back with a grimace, ecstatic that she had finally, *finally*, **finally** noticed him.

AN: I actually really like this one? Context: Kengo Saito (one of the key animators for KLK) drew a picture of 16 yo Mikisugi and it spawned a lot of artwork from fanartists depicting what would be an interesting dynamic for these two. And I'm trash for the "notice-me-senpai" trope, senpai-kouhai fluff are cute :3c

Chapter 5

AN: This one is one of my favourites :3

Mikiryu, Rock band!AU

The exhausted bassist rapped the door of their dressing room before entering, her shaking legs taking her straight towards the couch and the half-conscious, leather clad person resting there too. The singer grunted when she toppled on top of him, sighing at her endearing yawns and squirms as she nudged and pushed him in an effort to make more space for herself.

"Ryuuuuko," he groaned, obviously bearing a death wish, "Stop it... you're so heavy."

AN: I also did these 3sf for Ib and Pandora Hearts, I wonder if I should post them up too?

Chapter 6

AN: Ayyy return of domestic fluff!

Mikiryu, grocery story!AU

"Aiko-channn, please don't eat Sen-chan... c'mon, papa made that for mama."

Ryuuko grinned as she placed three more boxes of cereal into their shopping trolley, enchanted by the sight of her silly husband trying to get the arms of the Senketsu plushie out of their daughter's mouth.

Checking that the aisle was clear, the young woman stood on her tip toes and gave them both a kiss on the cheek, reaching over them to grab the chocolate spread.

AN: This one is based on a fanart I saw by con pota on tumblr/pixiv, if you've seen it. This person made an amazing modern day au doujin called *I don't even know his (her) name* (google it, the English TL is on tumblr) and ***spoilers*** at the end, Mikisugi and Ryuuko marry and have one daughter called Aiko : '3 ***end spoilers*** They are pretty much my inspiration for fluffy happily married mikiryu *heart*

Chapter 7

AN: Not really an AU, more like a prompt? Spoilers for ep 25

MikiRyu, In the dark

She jolted back to reality.

Her laborious breathing eventually slowed as her clutch on the Senketsu plushie tightened and she chocked back tears, overwhelmed by the nightmare of their parting.

In the dark where she could be vulnerable, blanketed by the heaviness of night, unheard by anyone else, Mikisugi allowed her to wallow, stroking his wife's hair until she cried herself to sleep.

AN: Not really a romance sorry. Poor Ryuuko though.

Chapter 8

AN: This feels more like an in-canon setting tbh, again another prompt :3

MikiRyu, Across the hallway

She curses under her breath and stomps away as fast as she could, desperately trying to escape his stupid smirk, that stupid annoying knowing glint of his aviators, the stupid way her face reddens and heart races when-

"Ryuuko-kun~" he called out in his old man voice, obviously enjoying her discomfort from their earlier *bump* in the hallway, "Have a good lunch."

Even across the hallway, she wanted to pummel his face in.

AN: Hohoho, what happened? It is a mystery :3c I have one more piece left to post from tumblr but if you like the idea of more 3 sentence fics, feel free to send me more prompts through a review and I'll see what I can do for it after exams :3c

Chapter 9

AN: Double updates because why not. I originally wanted to write these as separate three sentence fics, but I decided against it and combined the prompts (very badly, I might add) into one short drabble lol :3c I really liked exploring this setting :3c

MikiRyu, Assassins!AU; MikiRyu, Lost phone!AU

Moonlight highlighted her unexpected beauty. Mikisugi Aikurou opened his eyes to the most beautiful shade of blue he had ever seen, and the hooded dark figure froze in place. The older man pushed a finger lightly against the giant blood red scissor blade positioned at his throat, a lazy smile making its way on his face.

"My, my." he drawled. Attempting to sit up, he was only pushed back down by her muddied white boot on his chest. "To think I would finally meet my end by the hands of such a lovely little lady."

She narrowed her gorgeous eyes, but the rest of her cloaked face revealing nothing. They stared at each other for a moment before the assassin pressed her sharp blade harder against his skin, a thin red ribbon trailing down his throat.

"We really should have been acquainted before this mess. Say," He shifted his position on the sofa and the blade followed, "I've lost my phone a few days ago, and I know I'm probably going to die this time, but could I have your number?"

She furrowed her brows. " *Hah?* "

And that moment of stunned confusion was all he needed. He kicked her back with his long legs and flipping their positions, pinned her down with the spare acupuncture needles he kept on his person. He smirked, she panicked. The girl refused to back down, despite her

unresponsive body, shaking her head wildly. He threw her hood back and the man whistled low at the striking red highlight in her hair.

"Very cute." He got up from the sofa and fumbled in the dark room for a black permanent marker amidst all the stacked books and piles of paper. "Not bad for the fourth time, that was really close. You almost got me."

Taking the scissor blade away from her, he took the cap off with his teeth and scribbled onto the weapon his resident number, adding a love heart after the *Mikisugi*. He placed the scissor blade back into her frozen hand and gave the young woman a short kiss on the forehead. Her anger was tangibly rolling off in waves. He chuckled.

"If you ever get lonely off-duty, call me."

AN: It's not that Ryuuko is weak, Mikisugi is freakishly strong...? Or something like that :3c So this is last the one from the original series on tumblr. The person who requested this made some funny comments that I turned into an *actual* 3 sentence fic below (I probably abused that semi-colon lol) :3c Again, feel free to make some 3sf requests and I'll get to them when I can (btw thank you to **Juliastes** for all those prompts, wow I'll be having fun later). Wish me luck for my exams next week! x

Bonus:

Scrubbing furious at her weapon, the young assassin resisted the urge to scream in frustration and wake up everyone else in the quarters; it was utterly *humiliating* that the best student back at the academy still hadn't finished off her first assignment after graduation. Cursing to the high heavens under her breath, it seemed like her efforts, to erase both the permanent ink *and* her infuriating target, were simply futile.

"Why won't this damn thing come off?!"